Raftsman's Journal.

BY S. J. ROW. CLEARFIELD, PA., WEDNESDAY, DECEMBER 7, 1864. VOL. 11.—NO. 15.

A LARGE STOCK OF GLASS, paints, oil, white lead, etc., at E. A. IRVIN'S

FRUIT TREES.—The undersigned having been appointed an agent of the "Marietta Nursery" in Lancaster county, would respectfully inform the citizens of Clearfield county that he is prepared at all times to fill orders for every kind of Fruit Trees, and Shrubbery, at proprietors prices. S. B. TAYLOR, Agent.
Curwensville, Pa., Nov. 23, 1864.

NOTICE TO COLLECTORS.—Collectors of Taxes for 1864, are hereby notified that all balances due on duplicates must be paid on or before the 1st day of January, 1865, to the Treasurer of the county, or Execution will forthwith issue and interest will be charged on the same from September, 1864. By order of the Board,
WM. S. BRADLEY, Clerk.
Comm'rs Office, Nov. 23, 1864.

STRAY COW.—Came trespassing to the premises of the subscriber in Chest township, about the 1st of last August, a red cow, with white stripe along the back, supposed to be about 7 years old. The owner is requested to come forward, prove property, pay charges and take her away, or she will be sold as the law directs.
Nov. 2d, 1864. LOUIS J. HURD.

TEMPERANCE HOUSE.—The subscriber would respectfully inform the citizens of Clearfield county, that he has rented the "Tipton Hotel" and will use every endeavor to accommodate those who may favor him with their custom. He will try to furnish the table with the best the country can afford, and will keep hay and feed to accommodate teamsters. Gentlemen don't fo get the "Tipton Hotel." SAMUEL SMITH.
Tipton, Pa., May 25, 1864.

CLEARFIELD ACADEMY.—D. W. McCurdy, A. B., Principal.—The next quarter will open on Monday, the 5th of December, 1864.

TERMS OF TUITION AS FOLLOWS:

Common English, comprising the branches not higher than Reading, Writing, Arithmetic, Geography, English Grammar and History, per quarter,	$5 00
Higher English branches,	7 50
Languages,	10 00

TO THE ASSESSORS OF CLEARFIELD COUNTY.—By directions of Inspector General Todd, you are hereby notified to make complete and forthwith return to this office your lists of enrollments and classifications of the militia men of the county in accordance with the precepts in your several duplicates. It is desired that the same be completed during this month.
WM. S. BRADLEY, Clerk.
Comm'rs Office, Nov. 23, 1864.

CARPETINGS.—Now in store, a large stock of Velvet, Brussels, Three-Ply and Ingrain Carpetings, Oil cloths, Window Shades, ect., ect., all of the latest patterns and best fabrics; which will be sold at the lowest prices for cash.
N. B. Some patterns of my old stock still on hand; will be sold at a bargain.
J. T. DELACROIX
No. 27 South Second Street, above Chestnut.
March 2, 1864. Philadelphia

THE TRIBUNE FOR 1865.

PROSPECTUS.

The Military and Naval successes of 1864, with the auspicious result of our Presidential contest, have lifted a heavy weight from the breasts of the Loyal Millions of our countrymen. It is now felt, even by those who have been distrustful and faint-hearted, that the Union is to emerge triumphant from the deadly strife whereinto she was so wickedly precipitated by her assailants, and that Slavery, her relentless foe, is to encounter the fate of Haman. The perils of foreign intervention and of Western insurrection are safely passed; Abraham Lincoln, no longer assailable as the choice of a minority, holds the helm of State for four years longer; the Rebellion, palpably weakened by its defeats and losses during the year now closing—with its credit so reduced that its purse-bearer officially declares that its Treasury Notes can only be exchanged for coin at the rate of twenty-five for one, while its bonds command but six cents on the dollar—but awaits the blow which shall soon strike the sword from its parricidal hand and remit its master-spirits to the justice, or it may be to the clemency, of a sorely wronged and justly incensed but forbearing and magnanimous People. Such are the auspices which just ify our year soon to open will see the Stars and Stripes float unchallenged from every battlement in the Republic, and the perfect law of Liberty for All immovably imbedded in the Constitution of our Union.

The New York Tribune, founded in 1841, will enter upon its twenty-fourth year with quickened hopes and enlarged means of usefulness. Its principles need no re-statement: its aims are the diffusion of Intelligence and the inculcation of a spirit of Freedom and Humanity. When this truth shall have generally been recognized and established as the basis of our institutions and policy, that Injustice to the poorest, the weakest, the most despised, is a fearful mistake—that no community or State can afford to wrong even its humblest member—then will our land bask once more in the calm sunshine of peace and prosperity.

The Tribune has for the last year been published without profit to its proprietors, solely because of the depreciation of our Currency below the the specie standard compelling us to buy paper and other materials at a cost considerable above the full amount received from our subscribers. On our Weekly edition, the net loss has amounted to many thousands of dollars; while our large receipts from Advertising have been wholly absorbed by the extraordinary expenses for Correspondence, Telegraphing, &c. devolved upon us by the War. As we do not suppose our patrons desire that we should work at our own cost and prefer not to be patronized by any who *may* desire it, we have somewhat advanced for the ensuing year the prices of our Semi-Weekly and Weekly, as we had already done with those of our Daily editions. This increase is purely nominal: there never before was a time when the farmers of our country could buy The Tribune for so little of their own products or labor as they can by the following TERMS:

DAILY TRIBUNE.

Single copy,	4 cents
Mail subs'n, 1 copy, 1 year—312 numbers,	$10 00

SEMI-WEEKLY TRIBUNE.

Mail subs'rs, 1 copy, 1 year—104 numbers,	4 00
do 2 copies, do do	7 00
do 5 copies, or over, *to one address*, for each copy	3 00

WEEKLY TRIBUNE.

Mail subs'rs, single copy, 1 year, 52 numbers	2 50
do Clubs of five, *to one address*	10 00

Persons remitting $20 for 10 copies, *to one address*, will receive one copy extra, gratis.
Persons remitting $40 for 20 copies, *to one address*, will receive one copy Semi-Weekly gratis.
Persons remitting $80 for 40 copies, *to one address*, will receive one copy Daily, gratis.

Drafts on New York payable to the order of the "Tribune," being safer, are preferable to any other mode of remittance. But where drafts cannot be conveniently procured, United States or National Bank bills are the next best, and may be sent by mail; but in case of loss, the Tribune will not be responsible unless furnished with a full description of the bills, including the name of the bank, denomination and number and the time and place of the mailing of the letter with the inclosures. Address,
THE TRIBUNE, New York

Select Poetry.

GOOD NIGHT, MY CHILD.

Good night my child—good night!
May angels bright,
With golden wings outspread,
Surround thy bed,
And gently scan thy closed eyes
Till morn arise,
With its refreshing beams of light.
Good night, my child!—good night!

Good night, my child!—good night!
May He whose sight
Extends from pole to pole,
Watch o'er thy soul,
And keep thee guileless all thy days
From evil ways.
And learn to walk his holy ways upright—
Good night, my child!—good night!

Good night my child!—good night!
Let thy delight
Be in the constant love
Of Him above!
And always in thy dayly prayer,
Implore Him there,
That He would still uphold thee in His might,
Good night, my child!—good night!

A CHAPTER FOR WIVES.

"Well," said I, one fine morning last week, "I have the prospect of a leisure afternoon—a somewhat unusual thing with me—and, as being well, I will do a little needful shopping; call and pass an hour with my old friend Mrs. Ashburton, whom, on account of the distance, I have neglected of late, and then drop in and take a friendly cup of tea with my niece, Clara Whitford."

Having completed my household arrangements, I accordingly set out after an early dinner, and the shopping done, made my first call. Mrs. Ashburton's warm welcome, pleasing talk and cheerful fireside would have proved strong temptations to induce me to accept her invitation to stay for the evening, had I not felt anxious to see my niece, whose residence was much nearer my own.

On arriving at Clara's door, I was not a little surprised to see no light in the front part of the house. "I am afraid they are not at home," I thought, with a regretful mental glance backward to the pretty home picture I had just left. But I was mistaken. A servant came in answer to my ring at the door-bell, and ushered me into the dining room, lit the gas, and went to summon her mistress. I had ample time to look about me before Clara made her appearance, and could not help admiring the perfect order and good taste which prevailed in the apartment and its furniture. I was the more pleased to notice this as my niece, when married, did not promise to become very notable as a housewife.

I was beginning to tire of waiting—my brisk walk over, I felt chilly in the fireless room—when Clara entered fastening a little article of dress evidently just assumed. Her greeting was most cordial, and yet there was a shade of regret in her tone. When our first salutations were over, she said: "Why, my dear aunt, did you not leave me know you were coming, and I should have been better prepared to receive you?"

"Surely, Clara," I replied, "no preparation is needed before you can bestow a cup of tea on so near a relative as I am. Pray do not make my friendly call into a ceremonious visit, or I shall be tempted to run away again in place of waiting until after tea, and begging Mr. Whitford's escort home."

"Pray, dear aunt, do not think of such a thing. I will light this fire in a moment, and the room will be warm and comfortable."

So saying, Clara was about applying a light between the bars of the grate, when I stopped her.

"You must have a fire somewhere, my dear," I said, "and where you were sitting when I arrived, will, I am sure, suit me best. If I am to disturb any of your arrangements I will leave you forthwith."

"Then, if so, aunt, you will have to excuse my taking you into the nursery."

"Anywhere to warm firesides, Clara, but is Whitford from home?"

"No, aunt; he is here," replied my niece, her color rising as she spoke.

I laughingly congratulated her on her husband's liking for the company of her first born; but, perceiving no evidence of pleasure on her countenance, I asked her if the baby was well.

"Oh, yes, quite so, thank you, aunt. To say the truth, it was my doing that we are in the nursery to-night, and Frederick is not too well pleased about it, but it saves so much trouble, and the other rooms have just been cleaned and put in order. But do not say a word," she added as she opened the nursery door.

My nephew advanced an shook me warmly by the hand, and then, turning to Clara, said, "I hope, my dear, you do not intend to make your aunt a nursery guest. If you do, I shall not wonder if her visits become still more rare."

I hastened to assure him that I had been brought there at my own request, and begged that no difference might be made; but quietly ringing the bell, he desired the servant to light the dining room fire, and bring word when it was well burnt. Clara bit her lip, and looked red and uncomfortable, while I, feeling still more so, occupied myself in admiring the baby. I could, however, distinguish easily enough, two or three little articles which convinced me that a tea equipage had just been removed; and certainly this was not what I should have expected to see at Clara's home, knowing the comfortable and even affluent income of her husband. I felt sorry that my unceremonious visit should have produced such an alteration in the arrangements; for I could tell by the production of sundry keys, etc., that many articles nor in common use were to be brought out and the evening meal deferred on my account. Besides, I felt grieved at Mr. Whitford's ill concealed vexation, not displayed towards me, but his wife.

At length we were summoned to the dining room; and truly a wonderful change had been effected there. A bright fire illumed every corner, an elegant tea equipage was on the table; in short, everything looked—as I had at first hoped to find it—in accordance with the position of its owners. Moreover, the pleasant aspect of affairs banished the clouds from Mr. Whitford's face, and so agreeably did the time pass, that I quite regretted when obliged to bid my niece "good night."

"Good night, dear aunt," said Clara, kissing me affectionately, "do come again, but do let me know when to expect you."

"And then," added Mr. Whitford after the door was closed, "everything will be ready; the dining fire will be lighted before your arrival. Dear aunt, what do you think of Clara's new notions of domestic economy? When we were first married she was rather ignorant of household matters—now we are so exceedingly orderly and careful that everything is too good to use. The drawing-room first became so; then the dining-room underwent a thorough renovation, and the nursery resorted to for temporary convenience during the repairs, has become our regular abode, the others only being used on state occasions, and probably our next remove will be into the kitchen. I go into other houses and find that their masters can introduce a friend at any time with the certainty of causing no embarrassment. In my home, on the contrary, the call of a relative even, produces quite a revolution; for plate, china, in fact everything presentable, is laid up in lavender like the rooms. I wish you would say something to Clara on the subject, as I know you possess great influence in that quarter."

"Have you named the matter, Frederick?" I asked.

"Oh, yes, a thousand times, I think; but I cannot effect any change. I trust you will be more successful."

"I will try, at any rate," said I, as I took leave of my nephew-in-law.

Having thought over the matter, I arranged my plan of operation. I decided it would be better to try the effect of an opposition picture on Clara's mind, before giving utterance to any remonstrance, for I well knew that young housewives do not generally relish the pointed interruption of their elders. I therefore called on Clara—having previously given her due notice of my intention—to accompany me in a long ramble; and I contrived to be near Mrs. Ashburton's just as teatime was approaching, and we were thoroughly tired.

"Clara," said I, "what is to prevent our obtaining rest and refreshments? I can insure you both, and besides, you are not quite a stranger to Mrs. Ashburton."

"Oh dear, aunt, I could not think of such a thing; we should be sure to cause inconvenience."

"You shall judge for yourself, Clara," I answered; "and if you think so half an hour hence, we will journey homeward."

The moment we were admitted, I frankly told my friend that I had come expressly to claim her oft-tendered hospitality for my niece and self, as we were tired but still had a long walk before us.

"How glad I am my house lay in your route!" replied she. "Tea is just coming in, and my husband will be here directly."

In a few moments he arrived, and we were all seated, prepared to join in the evening meal.

I noticed Clara's glance at the perfect order which surrounded us, and the elegant but simple preparation for the repast. Besides these, it was impossible not to see the thorough comfort diffused around us.

"My neice," said I to Mrs. Ashburton, "was afraid of causing you inconvenience by coming unawares, and taking two places at your tea-table by storm."

A cheery laugh from Mr. Ashburton, and a bright smile from his wife followed my words, "Mrs. Whitford," said the gentleman, "I am the most fortunate fellow in the world, or nothing ever causes my wife inconvenience, you understand me, I dare say I mean none of those domestic invasions which are usually expected to cause a bustle. She has a peculiar theory of her own, which she most thoroughly reduces to practice, consequently we are always able to welcome a friend, however unexpected he may be."

Clara blushed, and stamered a few words in reply; and perceiving her confusion, I changed the conversation.

On our way home, after spending a delightful evening, my niece was unusually silent! but at length she asked if could tell her "what theory Mr. Ashburton alluded to when he said—". Here she hesitated.

"I understand you, Clara," I answered, "and I can explain it in a very few words. Mrs Ashburton says that being sure of the daily presence of one guest at her table whom she wishes to honor above all others, she always prepares for that one, and is of course ready for any visitor, and at any time."

"But I saw no guests beside ourselves, aunt."

"Did you not? And yet the person I allude to was there."

"Where?—whom do you mean? You are jesting."

"Indeed, my dear Clara, I am not. The one whom Mrs. Ashburton considers worthy of an honor is her husband. She says, and I think justly, that she should deem her marriage vow but illy kept if she made all attractive in the eye of a stranger, and grudge doing so for him whom she has promised to love, honor and obey—her own husband, and father of her children."

Clara did not speak in reply; but when we parted, the moistened cheek that touched mine convinced me the lesson was taken home; and I have no doubt when I next visit my niece, I shall find her opinion is changed as regards the guest most deserving of honor.

When has a man a right to scold his wife about his coffee? When he has abundant *grounds*.

THE PRISONERS IN GEORGIA.

The Union prisoners at Andersonville, Georgia, it is stated are now being exchanged at the rate of one regiment per day, from Venus Point, on the Savannah river, and near the city of that name. Correspondents, who relate the childish and devouring joy of the returned captives, declare that no words can be found to describe their revolting and incredible experiences and helpless condition. The rebel authorities have induced many of them to believe that they have been abandoned by this Government, and that the Northern people are dead to woes. Such a thought is only natural to suffering so forlorn as that endured at Andersonville, and measures the misery to which rebel treatment has reduced our soldiers. We transcribe a painful picture:

"At the prison-pen near Millan, Georgia, for some weeks there has been no meal or flour given to the prisoners, and the sweet potatoes issued in lieu thereof have been eaten raw, because there was no opportunity of getting fuel for cooking purposes. Such is the condition of the men whom we are now receiving out of chivalrous Dixie. These are sons, brothers, husbands, and fathers of the North. Men reduced to living skeletons; men almost naked; shoeless men, shirtless men, hatless men; men with no other garment than an overcoat; men whose skins are blackened by dirt, and hang on their protruding bones loosely, like bark on a tree; men whose very presence is simply disgusting, exhaling an odor so fetid that it almost stops the breath of those unaccustomed to it, and causes an involuntary brushing of the garments if with them there is accidental contact. Imagine 25,000 of such wretched creatures penned together in a space scarcely large enough to hold them, and compare their condition with the most miserable condition that can be imagined. The suffering of the Revolutionary captives on the prison-ships at Wallabout Bay will not stand the comparison, and the horrible night in the Black Hole of Calcutta scarcely exceeds it in atrocity. Remember, too, that the men thus returned are the *best* specimens of the suffering. Only those are forwarded to us whom the rebel midical authorities decide to be strong enough to bear the fatigue of transportation. If those whose wretchedness I have vainly endeavored to portray are the best specimens of our sick and wounded, is it not awful to contemplate what must be the woe of the remainder?"

How are the remaining prisoners to endure the winter, under the Andersonville regimen, the prime conditions of which are an absence of food and fuel, doubly needed in the winter? The regular treatment in the Georgia prison-pens may be briefly described as the worst that can be imagined possible. Clear and authentic proof sweeps away every vestige of doubt as to the deliberate criminality of the rebel Government. The formal complaints of the rebel surgeons themselves, the diaries, and other testimony of the prisoners, are a mass of terrible evidence. Surgeon MUDD writes:

"ANDERSONVILLE, Aug. 10, 1864.—Sir: As Officer of the Day, I regret to report this divison in bad condition. The patients are suffering very much for want of beds and bedding. Some of the wards have no bunks, and thereby suffer much from being on the damp ground, which is not sufficiently protected by ditches around the tents. The food is badly prepared. The bread is baked of meal, without being sifted, and the meat is not cooked properly."

Assistant Surgeon PATTERSON reports for another division as follows:

"On visiting the dead-house, I find great negligence in interring the dead, some of the bodies having lain as many as four days. Such continued negligence must certainly create an epidemic, and measures should be taken for an immediate remedy."

Q. W. HOWELL, surgeon of another division, recommends:

"As there are many inmates of the prison too sick and feeble to get through the crowd and report at sick-call, and as many die from—when jammed in such a crowd, I recommend that it be made the duty of each medical officer on duty at the stockade to visit such cases in his quarters, and make necessary prescriptions for such members of his detachment."

There is a tiresome repetition in these official documents of all shapes of prison-house suffering. Surgeon THORNBURG gives a larger view of destitution:

"In the first, second, and third wards we have no bunks, the patients being compelled to lie on the ground, many of them without blankets, and some of them without clothes. If there are any bedsacks in 'Dixie' it is to be hoped that they will be procured also. We need straw very badly, especially for the fifth ward. We have men in this ward who are a living, moving mass of putrification, and cannot possibly be cured of their wounds unless we can make them more comfortable. I believe that the medical officers are doing their duty faithfully; also the nurses and attendants. But we experience great difficulty in procuring the medicines prescribed, and as we have to use mostly indigenous remedies, we cannot use them properly, not having vessels to prepare them in. Could you not procure a camp kettle for each ward, to be used for that purpose only? I would also respectfully ask for a half dozen washbasins for the fifth ward, for washing purposes; the ones we have been using for dressing wounds and ulcers are not fit for other uses. We also need a few barrels for water. Every ward needs mugs for medicines; also bottles."

The rebel surgeons, it may be supposed, give but a very moderate coloring to their reports, sufficient, at least, to exempt them from the chief infamy, if not to acquit them altogether of hard-heartedness. A school like that of Andersonville might corrupt the physician as well as the patient; and we suppose that most of the rebel surgeons have been forced to cry out to save themselves. Who shall say that the system of stagnation, cruelty, and famine devised for the prisons of Georgia is not as gigantic as appalling? But we should not forget that the treatment of our prisoners by the rebel Government is only in one way an index of the despotism which it has exercised over the people of the South.

Alleged Frauds in the Navy Yard.

Several additional arrests were made of parties alleged to be concerned in the Philadelphia Navy Yard peculations recently discovered, and now being investigated by a Government Commission. The charges against some of them are as yet very vague, but there seems to be no doubt that the frauds have been a long time in progress, and cover a very large amount. The goods stolen consisted of navy cloth, rosin (forty barrels in one case being mentioned), several barrels of knives and forks, a large lot of lead pipe, tin, paints, oils, nails, tools, and many other articles which are daily purchased at the navy yard. From the proceeds of some of these one of the arrested party furnished a house in costly style in the southern part of Philadelphia city. This was placed in charge of a mistress. She, however, hearing of the impending investigation, sold the furniture and decamped with the proceeds of the sale. Her arrest subsequently took place, and she is now held with the other party mentioned.

A majority of these robberies, it would appear, did not take place *from* the yard, but were carted off before the delivery took place. For instance, a vessel would arrive at one of the wharves loaded with rosin to be delivered at the navy yard. As in the case of the rosin alluded to above, a number of carts or drays were driven to other parts of the city, where they were deposited until opportunity arrived to dispose of them. In other cases, goods were conveyed from the yard in carts, which entered for the purpose of carrying off chips, shavings, etc. Tin, lead pipe, &c., were deposited in the bottom of these carts, which being covered with shavings or chips, concealed the fraud. In other ways not made public, robberies were committed.

The following are the names of some of the parties who have been arrested and sent to Fort Mifflin; Geo. Gillingham, attached to the storekeeps' department; Wm. Harris, the proprietor of a sailors' boarding-house in front street; Antonio Ails, master carter; Mrs. Josephine Rorer; Josiah Pascoe, master plumber; Ed. Thompson, master caulker; Jos. Taulane, Purser's Clerk on board the receiving ship Princeton.

It is rumored that a number of other arrest will be made, in consequence of one of the parties having turned States' evidence, and revealing a complicity among other officials that is truly astonishing.

The Inauguration of President Lincoln

Gen. Scott says in his autobiography: "The inauguration of President Lincoln, was, perhaps the most critical and hazardous event with which I have ever been connected. In the preceeding two months I received more than fifty letters, many from points distant from each other—dissuading me from being present at the event, and others distinctly threatening assassination if I dared to protect the ceremony by a military force. The election having been entirely regular, I resolved that the Constitution should not be overturned by violence if I could possibly prevent it. Accordingly I caused to be organized the *elite* of the Washington volunteers, and called from a distance two batteries of horse artillery, with small detachments of cavalry and infantry, all regulars. In concert with Congressional Committees of arrangement, the President was escorted to and from the Capitol by volunteers—the regulars with whom I marched, flanking the movements in parallel streets—only I claimed the place immediately in front of the President for the fine companies of sappers and miners under Capt. Duane of the Engineers. To this choice body of men it was only necessary to say: The honor of our country is in your hands. "With a view to freedom of movement, I remained outside of the Capitol Square with the light batteries. The procession returned to the President's mansion in the same order, and happily the Government was saved."

A society has lately been formed in Bordeaux, France, to put down the superstitions of evil omens. As every body knows, it is accounted bad luck to begin any thing on a Friday, or to sit at table with thirteen, or to balance a chair on one leg, or to spill salt between yourself and friend. The new society have regular dinners on Fridays, have thirteen guests, turn chairs on one leg, and spill salt around before commencing. In the whole year, during which bad luck has been thus defied, no single fatality has occurred to any member.

THERE was an Indian Chief at Newport the past summer, who, seeing Auguste Belmont ride in a carriage with four horses asked "if he had eaten so much dinner that it required four horses to carry him."

It is not, it seems, within the rules of good breeding, to tax the vices of persons of equality; as if the commanments were made only for the vulgar.

A SELFISH BRIDEGROOM.

A circle of gay young bachelors in St. Louis, was thrown into confusion, lately, by the desertion of one of their number, who fell a victim to the charms of a beautiful and amiable young lady. For some cause best known to himself, the enamored Benedict kept the matter a secret, and without inviting his bachelor friends to the wedding, had the knot tied in an unostentatious manner, and started on a bridal tour to some pleasant village in Illinois.

His friends, of course, heard of the wedding the day after it occurred, and feeling slighted, determined to have revenge. When the happy man returned from his tour, he was taken aback by being waited upon by a stranger, a detective, who produced an order for his arrest, on a charge of disloyalty. Having at one time entertained a sneaking sympathy for "our Southren brothers," he was greatly troubled. He was taken by the detective into a darkened room, where the examining board was sitting, and was surprised to see that they all wore masks and dominoes.

He asked why he was not allowed to see the faces of his judges, and was told that they were disguised on account of the discovery of spies and traitors in the Government service. He was then accused of having uttered such and such sentiments, in the presence of certain of his friend, whose names were given, and as he could not deny what he had said, he plead guilty and threw himself upon the mercy of the court—urged his youth and inexperience—the fact of his recent marriage—the remote probability of his becoming a father, &c.

Although his pathetic appeal appeared to soften the flinty hearts of the judges, yet it could not turn aside the ponderous hammer of justice, and he was sentenced to six months imprisonment in the Alton prison, at hard labor, with ball and chain attached to his left leg. This was a terrible blow to a man who had been married but three or four days, and the prisoner was greatly affected.

After witnessing the misery of the condemned man for a few moments, the mock judges threw off their their masks, and appeared before him as his uninvited wedding guests. They told him they had taken this mode of punishing him for his failure to invite them to his wedding, and he was so glad to find that the thing was all a joke, that he treated the party to a champagne and oyster supper, and promised that he would never get married again without their presence.

A Painting Scene.

The Government clerks in a certain office had their gallantry sorely taxed recently by a visit from two ladies of unprepossessing appearance, not very refined manners, and one of them large enough for two better halves of any common-sized man. Moreover she was corpulent—a style of get-up not at all admired by the clerks in *that* office, however idolized in other government shebangs. One of the ladies remained in the hall, while the other entered and inquired concerning the fate in store for her husband, who was an inmate of the military prison. The young man addressed offered the lady an arm-chair, which proved too small for her capacity, and she sat on the edge of it and waited with great anxiety to hear what had been done with her old man. The proceedings of the military commission were produced by one of the clerks, and he proceeded to read the findings and sentence of the lady's husband. When he concluded with the sentence of "two years in the Missouri penitentiary," the lady uttered a loud scream, her head fell back, and her bulky form was about tumbling out of the chair, when one of the clerks rushed to the back of the chair, and seizeing hold of the fainting lady, prevented her from falling. Being new in such scenes, the clerks were at a loss how to proceed, but at length an idea struck one of them like a brick-bat, and springing to the water bucket, he dashed a gallon or two of Mississippi fluid into the lady's face, and she was restored to consciousness, and came to a perpendicular. The other lady had entered on hearing her friend scream, and as screaming is catching, she joined in with one of her shrillest. The young clerks were terribly frightened, and hurried the ladies out with very little ceremony. Ladies who call at the office hereafter will not be surprised to find a placard on the wall—"No fainting allowed here."

A young lady advertises in the Cleveland *Plaindealer* for a young gentleman to act as an amenuensis. He must be able to write in cypher, and when engaged he will be expected to read poetry with feeling, converse with ease, and be able to play cribbage and backgammon. He must expect to be kissed when she is pleased, and cuffed when she is not; but as her temper is acknowledged to be good, there will be more kissing than cuffing. There is a good chance for some adventure-loving gentleman.

The rebels have advertised for sale Monticello, the home of Jefferson, and Rock Island, formerly belonging to President Monroe, as the property of alien enemies of the Confederacy. Monticello was given by the will of the late Capt. Levy to the United States for a home for the widows and orphans of seamen.

Among the ingenious contributions to the sailor's fair in Boston, by the State Prison convicts is a small house, so contrived that upon opening the door a figure of Jeff. Davis, suspended to a gibbet, comes up through a chimney, after which a black man comes up to look at him.

An Irish witness in a court of justice, being asked what kind of "earmarks" the hog in question had, replied—"Had no particular ear-marks except a very short tail."

A man in Connecticut raised this season over five hundred pumpkins from two seeds, which were accidentally sown.